

# Grant Lee Phillips, Cathain Legend

Bid goddess rise from mists of memory  
Rise the fair Cathain  
In battle the equal of every man  
And every lover disdained  
Her heart was locked in a roundtower's keep  
And none that gate could unbar  
Till rose a prince in Ulster's east  
His name was Conchobar

By day she taught him feats of arms  
With sword and mace and bow  
By night they kindled passion's fire  
That only lovers know  
So king and warrior thus were joined  
In battles blood and love  
The throne belonged to Conchobar  
To Cathain the Witch's Glove

Dark rivals rose against the king  
To challenge for his throne  
All Ulster in the balance hung  
Without its champion  
A druid he sent to sacrifice  
An offering to Cathain  
A maiden fair with flaxen hair  
Not once but two times slain  
Two times slain

Ooh ooh ooh

But Cathain she would ne'er return  
To fight the king's own war  
Till druid did a virgin bring  
To Conamara far  
The fair Iona pure and sweet  
On the self-same table lain  
And by the Corclach's hungry stone  
The innocent was slain

Hey hey hey  
Hey hey hey

In rage the warrior goddess from  
The Western Sea arose  
Her bloody gauntlet dealt that day  
A thousand fierce deathblows  
The kingdom saved her quest complete  
She sank beneath the waves  
Till Ulster's sons with sacrifice  
Bid her return once more